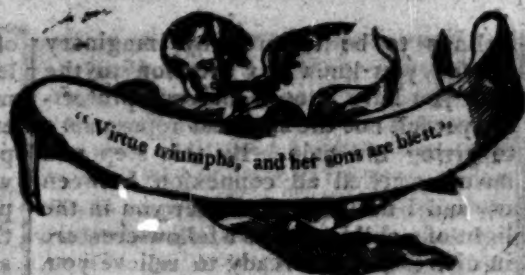


WEEKLY



VISITOR

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, October 23, 1802.

[No. 3.]

THE UNFORTUNATE FEMALE.

[Continued from p. 10.]

"THE agitation of my mind displayed itself in my countenance, and my father, perceiving I looked very faint, proposed that I should retire into an outward apartment, whilst they prepared the deed which was to decide my fate. No sooner had I availed myself of this permission than I was joined by my new friend, who I found was the intimate acquaintance of my beloved Frederick, who had accidentally passed through Hyde Park and had been directed to this worthy man alone I could apply for protection, and he kindly offered me an asylum in his house, promised to discover the place of my lover's concealment, and assured me that the present moment was the only one that could secure our flight.

"With a heart torn by conflicting emotions, and a mind tortured by apprehension and fear, I committed myself to the care of my protector, and was immediately conducted to a very elegant house.

"Upon our entrance into this abode of friendship and hospitality I was introduced to one of the most interesting figures I had ever seen, who received me with those sparks of affability and politeness which can never fail to charm and please. (Continued on p. 11.)

"After having introduced me to his lady, who I found was a relation of my lover's, he returned to my father to account for my flight, and to assure him I was ready to conform to his wishes in every thing except that of becoming Mr. C——'s wife. My father had but that moment been apprised of my departure, and his indignation at the sight of Mr. Dalton was not to be restrained; and, knowing the connection which subsisted between him and the ill-fated Edwards, he accused him of robbing a father of his child. It was in vain that the worthy man assured him he had only offered me a temporary asylum, and declared that I was ready to return immediately to his house, on condition of not being persecuted with the address of a being to whom I felt an aversion, and had reason to despise; and concluded by saying, that his apparent debility was an artful imposition, and his apprehension of dying entirely feigned.

"Whether my father was really duped by this deception, or whether he had been made privy to the insidious design, is a circumstance with which I am still unacquainted, as he from that moment refused to acknowledge me as his child, and desired the detestable Mr. Dalton to inform me that I had forfeited every claim upon his protection and regard, and that his doors were closed upon me for life. Shocked at being driven from the

protection of a parent, and implored by my amiable lover to become his wife, in an ill-fated hour I yielded to his intreaties, and exposed him to persecutions which could never have been foreseen. No sooner was our marriage published than my father commenced an action as I unfortunately happened to be under age; and Mr. C—— likewise brought a bill against him for eighteen months lodging and board.

"It is in vain for me to attempt describing the iniquitous proceedings which both my father and his instigator adopted to deprive my beloved husband of bread; and at length they succeeded, even beyond their expectation, for he was deprived of his preferment, and committed to jail. Never shall I forget the horrors of that moment when the delegates of the law attempted to force him from my arms; but as I had been the cause of his captivity, I resolved to share it, and protested that no power but death should separate us.

"Edwards, whose mind was superior to adversity, if it had merely affected himself, lost every particle of fortitude and magnanimity when he beheld the walls in which we were detained. 'Oh! my beloved Matilda,' said this too susceptible husband, 'are these the bonds of Hymen in which you are enslaved? are these the silken fetters I had fancied would unite us? Oh! in compassion to

my feelings, avoid the bondage of this dreadful place.'

"Though I resolved to share the fate of my unfortunate husband, yet I was determined to strain every nerve to obtain his release, and flattered myself with the hope that my father's severity would subside at beholding the wretchedness of his child. Full of this consoling reflection, I arose at an early hour on the following morning, and with trembling steps approached those doors which had so often flown open for their once happy mistress to be welcome received. As I heard the reverberating stroke of the knocker, my heart sunk at the sound; and when I beheld the face of an old domestic, I appeared to have lost the power of speech. 'Oh! madam,' said the attached creature, whilst the tears ran down his venerable cheeks, 'what a task has been imposed on me!—my master has forbid you from appearing in his sight.'

"Anthony," I replied laying my trembling hand upon his shoulder, "I must see my father, and am resolved not to move a step from this place: in mercy therefore, do not refuse me admission, but let me implore his forgiveness, and if he denies it, expire before his face."

"This appeal to his humanity and feelings was not easily to be withstood; and, opening the door with an appearance of apprehension, he preceded my footsteps to my father's room, and entering it, said, 'Sir, if my life had been at stake I could not have obeyed your orders; therefore you may be sure I could not fulfil them to preserve my place.'

"Before he could recover from the surprise this speech had occasioned, I had entered, and thrown myself at his feet, and with all that pathos of language which sensibility gives rise to, implored him to pardon what could not be repealed. Had he beheld me with a countenance either of pity or indignation, I might have flattered myself he would not long have remained unmoved; but when he heard the account of my misfortunes with perfect indifference, every hope of kindness fled, and I was unable to articulate another sentence, though tears supplied the place of speech.

"Rise, Matilda," said this once indulgent father, "and do not suffer your

feelings to be tortured by imaginary griefs: you knew my aversion to the man you have chosen for your protector, yet felt not the slightest repugnance to giving me pain. By this step you have cancelled all connexion between us, and I no longer consider you in the light of a child; yet, as a fellow-creature in distress, I am ready to relieve you, on condition that my benevolence shall not be misapplied. If you will consent to leave the wretch who has so artfully seduced you, and embittered the future moments of my life, I promise to make you an annual allowance; but not one penny will I give, if you continue to live with him as a wife."

"Though affluence and poverty were the alternatives, I did not hesitate which to take; and I quitted the abode of my invulnerable parent with a mind depressed, and a heart ready to break. Upon returning to the abode of misery and misfortune, my anguish was increased by finding my husband extremely ill, and the contents of our purses put together did not amount to quite seven pounds: in this dreadful situation some exertion was necessary, and I resolved to apply to the jailer's wife, who gave me a recommendation to a milliner of her acquaintance, from whom I constantly received employment; and by that means was enabled to procure those comforts for my dear Edwards, of which, from his debilitated situation, he stood so much in need."

"Though I supported my own and my husband's misfortunes with resignation, yet I could not bear the idea of bringing an innocent being into the world to participate in our fate; and from the moment I was convinced that I should become a mother, felt all the horrors of our wretched state. The health of my dear Edwards was daily declining, and I was scarcely able to earn a sufficiency to supply us both with bread; how then, could I make preparations for that critical moment which I felt certain would terminate my miseries and life?"

"As I used regularly to carry home my work to my employer once or twice in the course of the week, I had frequently been accosted by an elderly gentleman, who appeared acquainted with my situation, though I had never condescended to speak; and he one morning pursued me to the very gates

of my confinement, and then forced a letter into my hand, which he entreated me to read. I had presence of mind enough to break the seal of the cover previous to my entering my dear Edwards's room, and found it contained a proposal from the detested C——, which though it could not injure my honor, gave an additional wound to my peace. I resolved to make my father acquainted with the depraved principles of his insidious and pretended friend: I therefore inclosed the letter, and got a person to direct it, knowing he would not read it if he saw the superscription in my hand.

"A few days after this circumstance happened, in my way to the milliner's, I was again assailed; but, instead of employing an agent to wound my ears by a disclosure of his passion, I was accosted by the object of my aversion, the inhuman C——. After assuring me that his passion had survived my cruelty, and making me the most splendid proposals to break through the duties of a wife, he offered to have my husband liberated on the following morning, if I would only allow him to visit me as a friend."

"I was too well acquainted with the depravity of his principles to become the dupe of his iniquitous designs, and told him my husband would spurn at the freedom that was to be purchased through the influence of a being whom he had reason both to despise and hate. This interview threw my spirits into such an agitation, that, when I arrived at my wretched dwelling, I was compelled to go to bed; and in a few hours after gave birth to the little angel who owes to your humanity the preservation of his life."

"I will not attempt to describe the hardships I endured during my confinement; for the powers of language would there prove faint; but the Almighty proportioned my strength to my sufferings, and in few weeks restored me to a convalescent state. My child thrived in spite of adversity, but I had the misery of seeing his beloved father gradually decay; and he was so completely sensible of his dangerous situation, that he besought me to leave him without farther delay, and subscribe to any terms my father might mention, on condition that he would afford protection to my child."

(To be continued.)

ON QUACKERY.

The first physicians by debauch were made,
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade;
By toll our long-lived father's earn'd their food,
Toil strung their nerves, and purifi'd their blood;
The wise for cure on exercise depend,
God never made his works for man to mend."

Dryden.

AMONG the numerous discoveries of genius for the benefit of mankind, the art of preserving health and prolonging life seems to have attained its greatest perfection. Our newspapers daily invite both sexes to purchase the means of health; medicines of well-sounding names, invented by philanthropic doctors, are offered to the diseased with the most respectable testimonials of their efficacy; and eminent characters, both in divinity and law, are referred to, who will authenticate the miracles performed by quacks. It appears that those invaluable nostrums revivify the animal spirits, renovate muscular energy, and restore the vigor of youth to the palsied nerves of the antiquated debauchee. The inventors of those restoratives, with a modesty inseparable from genuine merit, circulate innumerable hand-bills at a great expence, and almost compel the sick to be healed. The general reliance of the public on the skill of empirics evinces that if this is not the age of reason, it is not the age of incredulity. The patient swallows the miraculous pill or potion with implicit confidence, and finds it a panacea for every evil.

Indeed quack medicines generally have the peculiar virtue of not only alleviating every pain to which man is subject in this transitory world, but also of conveying him to the regions of immortality. The quack doctors ought, consequently, to obtain the power of dispensing absolution, and thus act in the twofold capacity of physicians of the mind and body; for as their deleterious mixtures are mostly infallible passports to the world unknown, they ought to ensure their victims a good reception there, by purifying their souls as well as their bodies.

The rapid increase of nostrums within these few years would almost induce us to imagine, that all the diseases of Pandora's box had been poured out on this metropolis; and that too much praise could not be given to those benevolent philosophers who have so hu-

manely prepared a remedy for every indisposition. But a little observation and reflection will remove the delusion; and if we explore the laboratories of empiricism, we shall find that they are the most fatal armories of death whence the poisoned arrows of quackery are discharged on mankind.

If we investigate the latent cause of this unparalleled increase and circulation of nostrums, we shall find that the natural love of life in the patient, and the love of gain in the empiric, preserves a reciprocal good-will between them; and if the disease be the spleen, or some imaginary indisposition, and the bolus or elixir is not one of the most deadly kind of chemical preparations, the sick person recovers, and his name is exhibited in the doctor's list of fame, not only in the newspapers, but in pamphlets generously presented to the public. But should the disease be real, the quack boldly administers one of his most potent mixtures, with a determination to kill or cure, and the unhappy victim of credulity expires amidst his weeping relatives and friends.

Regular physicians are certainly respectable and useful members of the community; yet, even among these, we are told that there are some who descend to mean and unjustifiable schemes to obtain money. Men, who professing to prescribe *gratuitously*, according to a preconceived plan, send the patient to their apothecary, where the exorbitant price extorted for medicines realizes a fee.

Quackery, however, has not been confined to modern times, for if we consult history we shall find that man has long been the dupe of medical imposture. Not only simples, and chemical preparations, but even music was called in to remove diseases; nay, Martianus Capella, in his treatise on music, asserts that fevers have been cured by song; and that Asclepiades cured deafness by the sound of a trumpet! Another more ancient author assures us, that the sound of a flute will cure an epilepsy and sciatic gout;—but though the concord of sweet sounds may have effected miracles in the days of yore, yet the distorted limbs of gouty patients now-a-days are not to be restored to activity and symmetry by such gentle lenitives.

Gold, which has so long been the or-

ject of idolatrous worship, was thought, by the ancients, to possess healing virtues.—We are informed that a multitude of chemists employed their skill in endeavors to render that metal potable; and even the common people, in some countries, particularly Italy, Germany, and France, denied themselves necessities that they might purchase a few drops of the life-giving "tincture of gold". The moderns, however, seem to have a more rational idea of the value of this metal, and make it the medium of more certain enjoyments.

Among modern quacks, the celebrated German impostor Messmer justly claims the palm. He commenced his career at Vienna, where he established a cabinet of natural curiosities, labored secretly in his laboratory, and acquired the reputation of being an alchemist. At length he burst from his concealment, like the sun breaking through a cloud, and dazzled the intellectual vision of the admiring throng by his wonder-working "animal magnetism". From Germany he travelled to France; but, after the most flattering outset in Paris, his imposture was discovered by four philosophers who were appointed by the French government to investigate his art.

Nor was medical imposture on the continent confined to Messmer; for we are told that the Count of St. Germain made a splendid fortune by the sale of his "tea for prolonging life"; the Chevalier d'Ailhond was enabled to purchase a whole *compté* by profits arising from the sale of a powder, by which he imposed on the weakness of his fellow-creatures; and the count Cagliostro sold his "balm of life" at an exorbitant price, pretending that it had enabled him to attain the age of 200 years.

In England, itinerant quack doctors, attended by their buffoons, duped the laughing multitude, and combined amusement with deception. The master was generally succeeded by his merry-andrew, and distributed his infallible remedies with an important air, and an assumption of the most benign philanthropy. Several of the most successful of those British Esculapiuses became resident doctors in the metropolis; and their success incited the invention of others, insomuch that quacking may now be looked upon as a regular avocation.

From this epitome of ancient and modern quackery it will be clear to every unprejudiced mind, that those liberal dispensers of medicine have destroyed myriads of their fellow-creatures; yet, such is the good-nature of this present age, that medical imposture has been enabled to defend itself by the laws of the country.

The voluptuary is encouraged in his excesses by the plausible promises of empiricism; and he thinks he may indulge in every species of sensuality, while infallible remedies abound. Will he not naturally feel exultation while perusing the accounts of wonderful cures that attract the eye in our ephemeral journals, and exclaim, with self-complacency, "Happy era! this is indeed, the age of philosophy, when physicians can renovate the vital energy, brace the shattered nerves, and invigorate the constitution! Men of pleasure may now revel in new joys, while there are such inestimable remedies for every disease."

At present, so universal is the passion for deleterious mixtures, that people are, we may conclude, a community of philosophers; whose magnanimity may be compared with that of Socrates himself. He swallowed poison with an unaltered cheek and serene brow, and Fame has enrolled him in the lists of her most illustrious sons: how great, then, must that community appear, where numbers of both sexes daily take poison with philosophic serenity!

AMINTA.

An Idyl.—By Gesner.

AMINTA was beautiful and poor: she had been brought up in virtue and innocence by a mother, of whose tender care death too early deprived her. She now tended the flocks of Mycon, who tenanted the lands of Nicias, a rich citizen of Mitylene. She went one day with tears in her eyes to the silent grave of her mother; she poured a vase of water on the sacred spot, and hung garlands on the slender osiers she had planted over it: she seated herself by the grave, and while her cheeks were bathed in tears, she thus spoke:

Oh! how dear is the remembrance of thy virtue and goodness to my heart!

Beloved mother! thou has preserved my innocence. Can I ever forget thy last injunctions, when with a tranquil smile thou gazedst upon me, and sinking upon my bosom, expiredst. Can I ever forget thy virtues? Oh! when I do, may the good Gods forget me, may I die in misery, and may thy gentle shade refuse to receive me. Beloved mother, thou hast preserved my innocence. I will tell all to thy dear shade; forlorn and forsaken as I am, alas! I have no one else to whom I dare confide the thoughts of my heart. Nicias, the lord of Mycon, whose flocks I tend, came down hither to enjoy the pleasures of autumn. He saw me, and treated me with peculiar kindness; he praised my flocks, and commended my care of them; he told me I was handsome, and made me presents. Simple maiden that I was, but alas! how little do we know who live in the country—how kind, thought I, is our master; may the Gods reward him for his goodness; I will pray for him, that is all which is in my power. How happy are the rich, how favoured by the Gods: yet they deserve it, if they are all as benevolent as he is. Thus I thought, and withdrew not my hand when he clasped it, and only blushed, and dared not look up, when he placed a ring of gold upon my finger. See the little winged boy engraved on this stone; it is he who will make thee happy, said he, and touched my glowing cheek with his hand. He feels the affection of a father for me, said I to myself; how have I deserved such kindness from so powerful a lord? Simple child that I was, how, Oh! how was I deceived. This morning he found me in the garden, and gently caressing me, he said, Bring me some new-blown flowers; I will refresh myself with their perfumes in yonder myrtle-bower. Delighted to be employed by him, I collected the freshest flowers, and ran with eager haste to the bower: Thou art light as a zephyr, said he, and fairer than the Goddess of flowers, and—Oh! Heavens! I tremble still—he drew me on his knee, he pressed me to his bosom, and every thing seductive and enchanting that passion and love can urge, flowed from his lips. I wept; I trembled; in one moment I had been too weak to resist his arts, I had been no longer thy virtuous, thy innocent child; but the remembrance of thee preserved me. Oh! if thy virtuous mother had seen thee suffer these disgraceful caresses—the thought

gave me new strength: I started—I flew. Now am I come, my beloved mother, to weep on thy grave: Alas! unhappy child that I was, so early to lose thee; deprived of thy care, I droop like the tender flower that has lost the prop that supported it. I pour this vase of water to thy virtuous shade: accept this garland, accept my tears, and hear me, hear me my beloved mother: Ah! to thy ashes which rest beneath these flowers, bedewed with my tears, to thy holy shade, I repeat my vow. Virtue, innocence, and the fear of the Gods, shall form the happiness of my life: though I am poor, I will be contented and virtuous; I will do nothing that thou, with a tender smile, mightest not have approved: then shall I be like thee, beloved by the Gods and men: then shall I, like thee, meet death with tranquil smiles and tears of joy.

She left the sacred spot: emotions of virtue and of pleasure ennobled her whole form, and beamed in her tear-bedewed eyes. She was fair as a mild April day, when the sun pours a broken gleam through the soft falling shower. She was returning cheerfully to her work, when Nicias met her—Maiden, he said, while a tear stole over his cheek, I have listened to thee as thou satest by thy mother's grave: fear not, virtuous girl; thanks to the Gods, thanks to thy virtue, that has preserved me from the guilt of having seduced thy innocence. Forgive me, chaste maiden, forgive me; and fear no new insult from me: thy virtue has awakened every good feeling of my heart. Be chaste, be virtuous; but deign also to be happy. The shady meadow by thy mother's grave, and half the flock thou tendest, be thine: may a lover, virtuous and deserving as thyself, complete the happiness of thy life. Weep not, sweet maid; accept the gifts I offer thee with a pure heart, and suffer me henceforth to watch over thy happiness. If thou deny me this request, remorse for having injured thy virtue will embitter my future days. Forget, Oh! forget my crime: thou, like a good divinity hast preserved me from destruction.

A person told Mr. Foote, he had laid out a thousand pounds upon his dear wife. "Indeed, said Foote, she is truly your dear wife."

HINTS TO THE LADIES.

IT has often been remarked, that the generality of females have many admirers, and, at the same time, few or no lovers; and they wonder at it: but the reason is obvious if they thought, but thinking is become quite unfashionable. "Ah!" said a venerable virgin, lamenting the degeneracy of the age, "courting is nothing to what it was when I was young! The firts now-a-days make the fellows so stoney, that there is hardly to be found a respectful lover."

The observation was just. The women of the last age were more respected, because they were more reserved. For want of a proper reserve, they are treated with an indifference which is nearly allied to contempt; they make themselves too cheap to keep up their consequence, without which they can never be respectable.

To speak philosophically, a woman must repel before she can attract. All this advice may sound oddly to a female ear; but she who laughs at it, pays no compliment to her understanding.

Ovid, who knew human nature tolerably well, discovered not a little penetration when he made Daphne fly so fast from her laurelled lover, for his passion was increased by the pursuit.

Our modern Daphnes are quite other sort of people. Instead of flying from, they run into the arms of their Apollos, and are afterwards surprised that they grow cool to their charms. Lovers are like sportsmen, to whom the possession of the game is nothing to the pleasure of the chase. If women would study less to please they would give more pleasure. This is a paradox, which those for whom I throw out these reflections cannot comprehend, and, till they can, they will never make their fortunes by their faces. The roses of youth are not long in bloom, and when time has torn them away, there's an end to love at first sight; and on that, they seem, by their manner of setting themselves off, chiefly to depend.

To be stared at a few seasons, and neglected, and in a few more to sink into oblivion, is the lot of a thousand showy girls, who have only external appearances to recommend them. With-

out prudence and discretion, even the most substantial ornaments, though they excite admiration, will never procure esteem.

Prudence is superior to pearls, and there is no kind of comparison between diamonds and discretion: Fools may be caught by the shell, but a man worth having will make the gem the object of his attention!

CITY COURTSHIP.

A Dialogue.

WHEN a shepherd feels a passion
For a young and wealthy lass,
Gentle muse, record the fashion
Of the tender scenes that pass.

First Phlander in a phrensy
Sees the idol of his soul;
Whilst with Cupid's influenza
See his flashing eye-balls roll!

He with humble gestures greets her,
Tells the sorrows of his heart;
And that ev'ry time he meets her,
'Tis a thousand deaths to part.

She is ready with her answer,
(Maiden prudence shows the way),
"Tho' I can't, my father can, sir,
Listen to each word you say."

"Can your Father, lovely Fanny,
Know the passion which I feel?
See the merit, if I've any?
Ah! to whom do I appeal?"

"My papa, in trade's keen spirit,
No man can outwit on earth;
If he can't discern your merit,
He can see what you are worth."

SPECIMEN OF A FABLE ON A NEW PLAN.

MRS. B— was walking through her shrubbery with her two girls, who were big enough to have the perfect use of their limbs, but not old enough to consider consequences. Anne was content to skip along the walks, in which she ran forward and backward with all the agility of youth and health, unrestrained and uninterrupted. Mary, quitting the path, with much difficulty,

pressed through the tangled bushes, and had many a scratch from the sweet-briars and other shrubs, which are pleasanter to smell than to touch. Anne preserved her clothes clean and whole, and enjoyed all the pleasure of the garden; Mary came out of the thicket ragged and dirty, sucking the blood from her fingers.

Which of the two "chose the better star?"

I should give my opinion in favor of Anne; but the world would consider Mary as having genius, and Anne as wanting it. Anne, they would say, is content to walk in beaten paths; but Mary boldly makes one for herself. The world then should be told, that irregularity, purposely sought, does not constitute genius. A painter adds not to his ability by contriving to work with the wrong end of his pencil. A musical composer who has melody in his imagination, wishes for no thorny entanglements, but to go on smoothly and pleasantly. He who has it not, to be distinguished, bursts from the beaten path, and is obliged, like Mary, to scratch on as he can, and then boasts of his invention and the difficulties he has overcome.

ORIENTAL ANECDOTE.

A woman was walking, and a man looked at her, and followed her. The woman said, "Why do you follow me?" He answered, "Because I have fallen in love with you." The woman said, "Why are you in love with me? my sister is much handsomer than me...she is coming after me...go and make love to her." The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face: being greatly displeased, he went away to the first woman, and said, "Why do you tell a story?" The woman answered, "Neither did you speak the truth; for, if you are in love with me, why did you go after another woman?" The man was confounded.

A person thinly dressed, in a very hot day, sitting down in a violent perspiration, was cautioned against catching cold. "Catch it," said he, wiping his face, "where? I wish I could catch it."

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

A FRAGMENT.

I BEHELD *Delia* when the rose sat on her cheek, when her eyes shone with resplendent lustre—when grace was in every movement, and expression in every look—when she was sought by the swains of the valley and when the sound of her voice conveyed pleasure to every heart—wherever she appeared, joy animated every countenance—But O! how is she fallen! She hearkened to the voice of flattery, and

her once sparkling eyes have lost their accustomed lustre—Woe-worn care sits on her late blooming visage—and sorrow is written in indelible characters upon her brow. Day after day she passes in mournful inquietude, she looks forward and beholds the *Grin Messenger*, and welcomes his approach!—Methinks I hear her break out in melting accents—“Ye who saw me when hope smiled upon my prospects—Ye companions of my past felicity, behold me now! If pity has not entirely forsaken your breasts, if the voice of repentant guilt can find passage to your bosoms, have compassion on my weakness, O profit by my sad example! And I beseech you to remember, that although you now feel secure from the ills that I feel; yet, you also, are exposed to fall a prey to the charms of the *Seducer*. Beware then of the insinuating voice of man, and guard your self against his soft persuasions”.

HENRY.

BON MOT.

The Duke of Luxembourg, who so often defeated King William the Third, was a man of an ungracious figure, having a protuberance on his back. King William, enraged at the loss of a great battle, exclaimed, when retreating, in the presence of his officers, “What! shall that Hunch-back always beat us?” This expression being repeated to Luxembourg, “How in the name of wonder,” said he, smiling, “does King William know that I am hunch-backed? He never saw my back, but I have often seen his!”

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

CIRCULAR.

Tunis, July 9th, 1802.

Sir,

On the 7th inst. the American brig *Franklin*, captain Andrew Morris, was brought into Biserta, a port in the Regency, prize to a corsair of Tripoli.—She was bound from Marseilles to St. Thomas, laden with wine, oil and soap, silks, perfumery, hats, &c. on account of Messrs. Summerl & Brown, of Philadelphia, and captured off Cape Palos. Yesterday the brig and cargo were put up at public auction in the city; but the master and crew, nine in all, are destined for Tripoli!

I have official information that there are five Tripoline corsairs out. I request you will make this letter circular, that our Consuls on the Mediterranean coast may prevent, within their precincts, all American merchantmen from putting to sea without convoy. Yours, &c.

WILLIAM EATON.

Extract of a letter from Leghorn, dated Aug. 1st, inclosing the above Circular, to a gentleman in Philadelphia.

“There wants nothing to render the navigation of the Mediterranean as safe for Americans as for the commercial nations of Europe, but from 8 to 10 small well armed vessels, which would soon drive these lawless barbarians off the surface of the sea. Such has always been our opinion, and we are pleased to see it corroborated by the testimony of our experienced friend, Mr. Eaton, in his private correspondence with us.”

Philadelphia, Oct. 18.—By a gentleman, passenger in the ship *Philadelphia*, from Leghorn and Gibraltar, we learn: That a French fleet with 6000 troops had sailed from Toulon, given out, for Algiers; but it was said instead of going to Algiers, they were gone up the Mediterranean, and it was conjectured were bound to Constantinople or some part of the Turkish dominions—of this, or some other matter hostile to their interest, it is evident, the British are apprehensive, as an order was received at Gibraltar to stop all British men of war, formerly ordered home, which was

put into execution, as they came down the Mediterranean and arrived there. There also seemed to be some disagreement respecting the evacuation of Malta, as it was said, none of the stipulations agreed to, by the treaty of peace was complied with by the British.

Capt. Thackara, left St. Lucia the 26th ult. on which day a French fleet of five vessels (brigs and schooners) arrived at Castius to take possession of the Island of St. Lucia. The English embarked all their troops, and were to sail in a day or two, viz. the 9th and 10th West-India regiments, for Trinidad, and the 52d and 53d regiments for Europe. Capt. T. further informed, that the brig *Polly*, Paul, 21 days from Portsmouth, arrived off St. Lucia, but finding the markets bad, proceeded on the 23d of September from St. Vincents.

By Capt. Hardie, from Port-Republican, we learn the Negroes have taken up arms again.—General Rochambeau had mustered up all the men he could, and marched against them: that about the 20th of September the French had one or two very severe brushes with the Blacks in the neighbourhood of Petit Guave, and Leogan, in which it is said the Blacks had 400 killed, notwithstanding which, they keep the town of Port-Republic in continual alarm, as they are continually committing depredations in the neighbourhood, and prevent any supplies coming into the town from the country.

Capt. Wilson from New-Providence informs, that on the 21st ult. the High Court of Admiralty, met agreeable to adjournment, and proceeded on the trial of four persons charged with Piracy, belonging to the schooner *Muskogee* Meko, Bowle's privateer, taken at Harbour Island. They were all four found guilty, and sentenced to death, and were to be hanged the day after Capt. W. sailed.

REMARKABLE.

On the 28th of May, in the midst of a violent storm, there fell at Puz-a-Michel in Hungary, three large masses of ice, each forming a square of three feet, and two feet in thickness, and weighing eleven quintals; eight men were unable to move them. The greatest part of them were remaining on the third day afterwards, notwithstanding the extreme heat, which succeeded the storm.

Philadelphia, Oct. 16.
Copy of a letter from Madrid, 15th of Aug. 1802.

Sir,
On the 11th inst. the plenipotentiaries of the United States and Spain signed a convention for the appointment of commissioners who are to form a board, and sit at Madrid, for the indemnification of those who have sustained losses, damages, or injuries in consequence of the excesses of individuals of either nation, during the late war, contrary to the existing treaty or law of nations. The convention to have no force or effect until it be ratified by the contracting parties. I am, &c.

Paris, Aug. 25. Toussaint has arrived at Paris. He was brought there in a post-chaise, escorted by a numerous detachment of dragoons. He is in the Temple.

London. Guildhall. A charge was preferred against two young men for aiding and assisting, and privily consenting to the elopement of the complainant's wife. The injured husband lamented the instability of all human happiness; but eight weeks before, he said he had thought himself the happiest of mortals, having espoused the woman of his choice; young, beautiful, and affectionate. The honey moon, however, had scarcely sunk in the wane, before he found, to his inexpressible grief, that his newly-acquired consort, the partner for his life, of all his pleasures and his cares, was incapable, at times, of affording him either satisfaction in bliss, or consolation in trouble, from the potent draughts it had long been her custom to indulge in. It was in vain he rebuked her for a habit which he told her would prove her ruin; she was incorrigible; and when he found remonstrance was of no avail, he imagined a little gentle and wholesome correction might act as a preventive; he accordingly took the liberty of using a practical argument, which he hoped might work as a salutary and speedy corrective. In this he was mistaken, and the young, beautiful, and affectionate, to show her dislike of the recipe, desamped with all the comforts she could collect, and left her Physician to meditate on the inefficacy of his application.

The parties professed their ignorance of any elopement; all they knew was, that the complainant's wife drank hard, and that he threatened hard—therefore not being able to set their horses together, they had each taken a separate road, but where and in what direction, they knew not.

The magistrate discharged the parties, recommending the complainant to console himself under the idea that the loss of a bad wife was a great gain.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, October 23, 1803.

During the present week there has been a combination among the seamen for the purpose of raising their wages from 10 to 14 dollars per month.

After several odd adventures, headed by two styled Commodores, they were overhauled by the peace officers, and the Commodores clapt in limbo.

We understand, that the Organ for St. Paul's Church, which was bespoke some time ago, by the Vestry of the Episcopalian Congregation, has arrived in the ship Jupiter, Law, from London.

A melancholy accident happened at the fire in Baltimore on Friday evening, which occasioned the death of a young man on Saturday morning, an active, and valuable member of society, Mr. Le Marr.—He was standing on the roof of one of the high buildings most adjacent to the fire, handing water-buckets, when he slipped and fell down a perpendicular height of perhaps 30 feet on hard ground.—He was immediately let blood, and examined by Drs. Smith, Way, and Snyder, who found that he had received the principle injury in his body and spine; his limbs were unharmed and he only complained of pain in his neck and shoulders: he rested well for six or eight hours after he was put to bed; moved his limbs, was perfectly sensible and slept a little.—He was however, seized on Saturday morning with fever, a slight cough and spitting of blood, and died about seven o'clock.



Marriages.

On Saturday evening, by the Rev. Mr. O'Brian, Mr. THOMAS TRACY, to Miss JOANNA CRONE, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, at Newtown, (L. I.) Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE, of this city, to Miss PATIENCE RIKER, of that place.

Same time and place, Mr. HENRY SUYDAM, of this city, to Miss JANE LAWRENCE, of that place.

At Madrid, His Excellency Don CARLOS CARRACCILO, Ambassador of the King of the Two Sicilies (as proxy of the Hereditary Prince of the Two Sicilies) to the Infanta DONNA MARIA ISABELLA, Princess of Spain.



Deaths.

On Saturday, of poison taken in a fit of despair, William Robins, Printer.

On Saturday of a malignant fever, Mr. Richard Clark, an old and respectable resident of this city.

On Monday evening, Thomas Gautier, Esq. aged 29, late of Bergen county, (New Jersey.)

On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Frances Burrell, wife of Jonathan Burrell, Esq. cashier of the United States Bank in this city.

On Monday, Mr. Charles Flint, a respectable Grocer in this city.

Of a consumption, on the 20th ult. on his passage home from Aux Cayes, Mr. William Milner, formerly of this city.

THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING, Oct. 25, will be presented, the Comedy of the POOR GENTLEMAN.

To which will be added,

DON JUAN.



SONG.

AMID the rage of battle's strife
I only felt my Nancy's fears,
And if I wish'd to save my life,
'Twas but to spare thy precious tears;
For when the deep-mouth'd cannons roar'd,
And light'ning gleam'd on ev'ry sword,
When ratt'ring bullets round me pour'd,
Oh then I thought of thee,
Sweet girl!
Oh then I thought of thee!

Escap'd the dangers of the field,
On ocean's bosom homewards borne,
The far'ring breeze, at first so mild,
Soon to a dreadful storm did turn.
Now sunk below—now mounting high—
We're lost!—we're lost!—the sailors cry;
Yet when destruction thus was nigh,
Then most I thought of thee, &c.

But morning came, and gentler gales,
And hope again our bosoms cheer'd;
Gaily we trimm'd our tatter'd sails,
Our native coast at length appear'd—
Of parents, brothers, sisters there,
Of friends not seen for many a year,
I thought—but thou wert far more dear
Than all I thought of them, &c.

For me!—I ne'er was happy long—
Our native land before our eyes,
An hostile vessel, treb'd strong,
Made us an unresisting prize.
In the dark hold a captive thrown,
All my fond hopes at once were flown,
And life was fed by love alone,
For still I thought of thee, &c.

Soon landed on the hostile shore,
And on parole allow'd to roam,
Hope fill'd my faithful breast once more
With thoughts of thee—of love and home.
Though worn by grief and toils of war,
And though my forehead bore this scar,
My person pleas'd a lady fair,
But still I thought of thee, &c.

"Soldier," said she, "no longer pine,
"To-morrow's dawn shall set thee free!"
"Accept my hand—my heart is thine,
"And all my wealth I give to thee."
Could I have seen this generous fair—
My heart was there—my love sincere;
I scorn'd a falsehood to declare,
For still I thought of thee, &c.

Then frankly to the noble dame
I told the story of our loves:
I said—"My Nancy from the flame,
"And equal pangs her bosom proves."
I shew'd thy picture in my breast,
And to my lips the image prest;
She sigh'd, with slighted love oppress'd,
For still I thought of thee, &c.

"Go then," she said, "and happy prove,
"As truth and constancy deserve;
"And though another claims your love,
"Yet for my sake this ring preserve."
A purse of gold—a passport too,
This generous fair did then bestow;
My tears of gratitude did flow,
For still I thought of thee, &c.

I thought of thee—of joy and bliss,
And all that thou hadst here imparted;
I flew to meet the glowing kiss,
Such as at parting thrill'd my heart:
I came—but found thy vernal charms
Sold to a richer lover's arms.
Again I'll rush 'midst war's alarms,
And think no more of thee,
False girl!
And think no more of thee!

ON DETERMINING TO READ NO MORE
NOVELS.

HENCE, flattering painters of deceptive scenes!
Half-brothers all to lying postasters
Is, then, amusement—all a novel means,
And does not life possess a few disasters?

Has life no one employment but to stray
Near yon rose woods, and Calia's scorn deplore?
To strain the sweet guitar the live-long day?
Or o'er yon pretty bubbling brook to pore?

Do lovers only then our sails supply?
Do fatters gall alone the lover's wrist?
Do lovers only hang on trees so high?
Are lovers only in the bankrupt list?

No more, ye scribblers, mock at real life,
Nor tempt our fancies by your sugar'd bays,
But leave in peace, each willow, maid, and wife,
Nor fire their brains—nor raise our passions high.

THE RECAPITULATION.
FANCY is still alive—I cannot part
With the feign'd tale, which steals upon my heart,
Nor can with care and toil oppress'd, forego
The charms of Fielding, Raskin, Smollett &c.

Life has so many crosses! See the knaves
Reign paramount, whilst Virtue is his slave!
See Fraud piles bags whilst Honesty must toil!
See well-dress'd Folly taught at board with age.
But the kind Novelist leads Virtue's train
Afar from luke-warm friends and red-hot pains,
And scoundrels of such art, that story reads,
Are rather pleas'd to improve, or amuse!

ON FLATTERY.

FLATTERY'S a perfect mistress of her art,
With picklock keys to open ev'ry heart.
What mortal can withstand the fire of flattery!
No one! 'tis such a most successful battery.
No head, however thick, resists its shot;
Yes each pretends to mock it—what a sot!
Dunce flatters dunce, and thus in fame they rise,
On Fancy's wings self-mountained—to the skies.

LOTTERY TICKETS,

In Lottery No. 1,
For the Encouragement of Literature,
For sale in Halves and Quarters,
At No. 143 Pearl Street.
Tickets registered and examined by the
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Has for sale

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REUBEN AND RACHAB.

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Tales of old Times.

By
Mrs. Rowson.

THE VICAR OF LANSLOWNE,

OR Country Quarters.

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THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON.

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OF THE
ORTENBURG FAMILY.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

THE CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.

JULIA, AND

THE ILLUMINATED BARON.

By a lady of Massachusetts.

HUTCHINS' ALMANACK

For the year 1803.

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